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CECELIA'S CAKE

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

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"A departed Philadelphian on revisiting earth would know at once whether or not it was Thursday."

"My dear!"

"Thursday is the girl's day out. The rest are merely interludes."

"I am sorry, Cecilia, that the others are gone and there is no one else to make the cake."

Cecilia regretfully returned her hat to its box.

"You are not to blame. It's having so many daughters—"

"Unmarried," sighed Mrs. Carlton.

"I must go with Angela to the tailor's. It's providential, Laurence bringing his friend, and I hope that Angela or Maria—"

"Or Helen. Grace or Muriel may impersonate Jonah's whale and swallow—"

"Cecilia, you are vulgar."

It is a trial to be a widow with an only son, but an only son plus six daughters represents martyrdom. A choice in matrimony adds zest to courtship, but too great a surplus destroys the market. Laurence Carlton, at college, laughed at his mother's anxiety, but cheerfully offered to bring his chum home for the vacation and give the girls a chance.

"It only needs one to set the example," Mrs. Carlton explained to Cecilia, who admitted that Angela must be sacrificed in order that her sisters "get the habit." But to her brother she wrote, "It is a crime to abuse friendship."

The proposed visit was now at hand.

"Muriel and I must lay low. The full strength of our family girlhood is so overflowing," said Cecilia, fastening a loose sleeved apron over her gown.

"Now, little Mother General, you may attend to the dress parade, while I will bring up the rear with the rations."

After Mrs. Carlton and Angela had departed Cecilia descended to the kitchen. She selected her pans and washed the currants, sliced the citron ready for chopping and sifted the flour, a mischievous rhyme tripping over her tongue.

"Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly—"

The door gong rang sharply. Cecilia dusted her hand free from the flour and went through the dining room and the long hall to the door. There she encountered an athletic young man bearing a dress suit case with an air of having arrived at his destination.

"Mrs. Carlton at home?" he inquired. "No. If you are a book agent let me tell you books are not our crying need just at present." And the dimple laughed in Cecilia's cheek.

"I'm not a necessity and to such a household certainly no luxury, yet I am expected. Sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? Carlton telegraphed me that he could not get here until tomorrow, but that I was expected."

"We understood you were coming together, but you are none the less welcome," she added graciously. "That is the parlor—"

"It's the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy," hummed Cecilia to herself. Then aloud: "Perhaps you have not read all the magazines. They cannot be long."

"Long? They?"

"The family," answered the youngest vaguely.

"But you"— Cecilia suddenly realized her apron and the flour and her mother's horror of the situation. "Oh, I am baking cake—I am the girl, you know"— She drew herself up, but the dimple effaced the dignity, and there was an odd twitching about the young fellow's mouth.

"I am awfully glad. I thought you might be one of the daughters, and—I'm only the valet—"

"Gracious—"

"So you see we can be friends after all. May I watch the cake operation?" Cecilia sanctioned doubtfully. "You may sit in the dining room—if you insist."

"I do—"

Cecilia after providing him with a paper disappeared through the swinging door into the kitchen. He sat alone for a few minutes, then gently swung the door open. "It's quite chilly in here," he explained. Cecilia was beating eggs, the sunlight tipped her hair with gold. He sank into a chair, watching her.

"Do you like cake?" she demanded.

"I adore sweet things." The look, half smiling, wholly admiring, sent the color tingling to the girl's cheek, but she only whipped the eggs the harder.

"That looks easy. I'd like to try," he said tentatively.

"Proth appeals to you. I knew it would."

"Come, now, you know the saying about 'idle hands.' You had better put me to work," he insisted. She laughed, but intrusted him with the chopping bowl, and he went to work spasmodically upon the citron, Cecilia having first tied an apron about his waist.

"You make an ideal chef," she informed him, "if you only had a cap."

"I wouldn't want to hide your curls."

His tone was aggrieved.

"When may we expect your master?"

"My master? Oh—oh, yes—Ashton! He'll be along about supper time, I judge."

"Tell me about him and why does he have a valet. It's rather silly for a student."

"Not at all," he assured her airily.

"It's very useful—sometimes."

"I've heard he is handsome, rich and a great catch."

The valet was manifestly embarrassed for his master. "You shouldn't believe all you hear. Now, I understand that Laurence—oh, yes, I call him so just to myself—has sisters?"

"Heaps. Five, and—one more," acknowledged Cecilia as she commenced mixing the cake.

"What is 'one more' like?" he asked, with interest.

"The youngest and the worst," she confessed, splashing the eggs recklessly. The valet retreated to a safe distance.

"It looks an awful mess. Is that the way they make wedding cake?"

"Wedding cake! What has that to do with the subject?"

"Nothing. It just came into my head."

"Then put it out. Poor men cannot afford extravagance, and wedding cake is a never ending expense. Mr. Ashton should hear you."

"I am following his example. I know he is going to make desperate love to one of the daughters."

Cecilia tested the oven. It must have been hot, for her cheeks were red as she returned to the table.

"He is not scared by numbers?" she asked, with discreetly lowered eyes.

"No, because he concentrates. He will see only one." Cecilia was silent.

It was quite a trick, turning the mixture into the pan. She went to the dresser for a larger spoon. Her guest began digging at the cake. "Don't! You will spoil it!" she warned him.

"Sometimes there is a prize in cake. How jolly if there is in this!"

Cecilia smiled loftily. "They put them in for children."

"And for wedding cake. Now, let me hoist this particularly wonderful dough into the oven."

"To be light is all I ask of it," said Cecilia, opening the oven for him.

"Light means illumination, so I hope your slice may show you a thing or two."

Before Cecilia could answer the bell sounded. She closed the stove with a bang. A sleeping conscience awoke. They had all agreed that Angela was to have first chance.

"You should have remained in the parlor," she protested.

"It would have been safer," he admitted. Then they both laughed like two conspirators. The bell rang again. Still laughing, they sped through the house, he to the magazines, she to admit her mother and Angela.

"Mr. Ashton has arrived, and the cake is in the oven."

"I am still hungry," said Cecilia, eyeing the last portion of cake. The rest of the family had retired to dress for the theater. Only Cecilia and Ashton remained at the table.

"Eat it!" suggested Ashton, pushing the dish temptingly toward her.

"Consider the fate concealed in the last bit"— she hesitated.

"Sharing it may break the penalty."

So recklessly they took the cake between them and broke it. There fell almost into Cecilia's lap a golden ring!

"A prophesy!" cried Ashton. "I knew it was a wedding cake."

Cecilia, all dimples and embarrassment, at length found voice.

"I think the valet was overbold—"

"It was to help his master. Remember, that's his business. He knows I am lonely and shall soon need—"

"A cook."

"Something more, a little girl to love and be loved. The Germans call her haus frau."

that organization precisely the same rights as men, even sharing with them the highest offices. That is undoubtedly the reason the Salvation Army has gained such power and influence. What women can do in the new socio-religious field of work is illustrated by Evangeline, or Eva, Booth, the present executive head of the Salvation Army of the United States. She was appointed to her place because she could fill it. She has under her charge 30,000 Salvationists.

Eva Booth is the fourth daughter of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. As head of the organization in America she will have the disbursement annually of nearly or quite \$1,000,000. Helen Gould is a generous contributor to Miss Booth's treasury.

A Rich Girl Works For the Poor.

Among the lassies of the American Salvation Army one of the most earnest and able soldiers is Miss Elizabeth Van Norden, the daughter of a New York banker. Miss Van Norden was reared in luxury. All that fashionable society has to offer was at her feet. Yet one day Elizabeth Van Norden turned away from it all and enrolled herself as a cadet with the Salvationists to work out alike her own salvation and that of some of her fellow creatures. She wears the regulation blue uniform, is in all respects a Salvation Army lassie and declares that as such she is far happier than she was in the days when she led the "hum drum existence of a society butterfly."

Because of her superior intellect and education Miss Van Norden was sent to Europe to study social conditions in the cities there. At the time she went the army was establishing headquarters in Paris. To Paris Elizabeth Van Norden was assigned first accordingly. Afterward she visited Germany and Italy, still in army work. The Salvation Army now has secure foothold in all the large cities of Europe, and nowhere is it more successful than in Paris.

The Colonel's Waterloo.

Colonel John M. Fuller, of Honey Grove, Texas, nearly met his Waterloo, from Liver and Kidney trouble. In a recent letter, he says: "I was nearly dead, of these complaints, and, although I tried my family doctor, he did me no good; so I got a 50c bottle of your great Electric Bitters, which cured me. I consider them the best medicine on earth, and thank God who gave you the knowledge to make them." Sold and guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia, Billousness and Kidney Disease, by Chas. Rogers, druggist, at 50c a bottle.

Notable Women

Feminine Work In Religious and Sociological Fields

A remarkable change has occurred in the character of religious work in the past few years. Religion has apparently concluded that it must first care for the bodies of the poor and the wicked if it would make any impression on their souls. The tactics of wise and earnest people who desire the spiritual uplifting of the mass of humanity is to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick and in addition develop the intelligence.

In this new scheme of endeavor women take wonderful part. The Salvation Army, it seems to have been, that evolved the new plan



EVA BOOTH.

of simultaneous body and soul help. Notable it is, too, that from the beginning women Salvationists have had in

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